



Listen to the Cowboy Kid Coast-to-Coast on the Mutual Network!



BOBBY BENSON'S

No. 3

B-BAR-B RIDERS

10¢ In This Issue:
*Bobby's Daring Capture
of
the
GOLDEN
PALOMINO*





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



HI-YO! KIDS!

LONE RANGER'S

'Silver Bullet'

BALL POINT Pen Set

With Cowboy's Belt

Belt and Cartridge Holder Genuine Tooled Steerhide — Engraved Silvery Metal "Fixings!"

For Ranger's Secret Code 3-Pen Set Writes in 3 different Colors!

See TEXAS LONGHORN BUCKLE — also TIP and GUARD — engraved in simulated SILVER!

Lone Ranger Pals! Now use his own "Silver Bullet" pen set for his secret code! Carry safely in the cartridge holder of this real steerhide cowboy's belt — with silvery engraved longhorn buckle and fixin's — all included. These Lone Ranger pens are real writin' sure-nuff ball point pens in bullet shape . . . never need filling! Use pen with picture of the Lone Ranger to write BLUE for secret. Use pen with Silver's picture to write RED for danger. Pen with Tonto's picture writes GREEN — for "HI-YO! Let's GO!"

BE FIRST TO WEAR IT!

Your crowd will envy you as first to have the LONE RANGER'S "Silver Bullet" pen set with cowboy belt. A good looker, tool belt and cartridge holder are finest steerhide, tooled real Western style with oak-leaf pattern, and holder has engraved pictures of the Ranger, Silver and Tonto. Handsome buckle, tip and guard are engraved in simulated silver. Buckle design is real cowhand style with head and horns of wild Texas longhorn. Yet belt and "Silver Bullet" pen set complete are only \$1.98 — belt sizes are 22 to 32 — and you can try on at no cost! Read this thrilling offer!

YOUR 3 PENS WRITE

RED for danger
BLUE for secret
GREEN for "HI-YO! Let's GO!"

SEND NO MONEY

—Just mail coupon and on delivery pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or, to save postage, enclose \$2.00 now. Have grand fun with LONE RANGER'S "SILVER BULLET" PEN SET and the COWBOY'S BELT for 10 days. Then, if you want, just return for money back. Don't miss this super thrill. Be a real Ranger pal — and mail coupon today

You Get

- 3 Ball Point Pens in Lone Ranger "Silver Bullet" Set
- 1 Cartridge Holder
- 1 Tooled Western Belt
- 1 Engraved Longhorn Buckle in Simulated Silver all for \$1.98

all for \$1.98

RUSH COUPON NOW

FUN INDUSTRIES, Dept. 100-N

45 E. 17th St., New York 13, N. Y.

Send at once your new LONE RANGER'S STEERHIDE BELT, CARTRIDGE HOLDER AND "SILVER BULLET" PEN SET — complete for only \$1.98. BELT SIZE —

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.
- ☐ To save postage, I enclose \$2.00.

Name _____

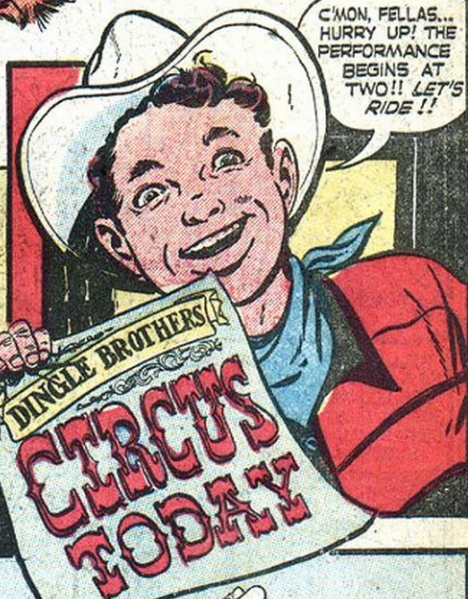
Address _____

City, Zone, State, _____

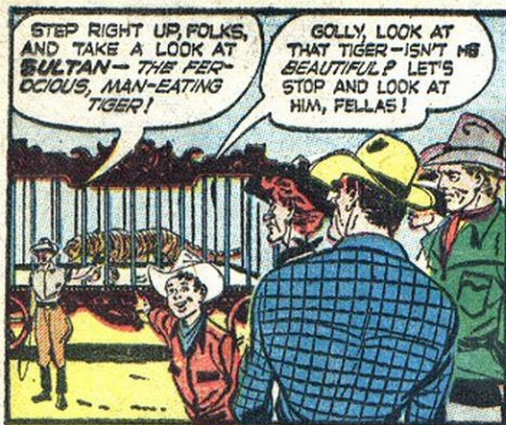
Money Back Guarantee: — If not delighted may be returned in 10 days for full price refund.

BOBBY-BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

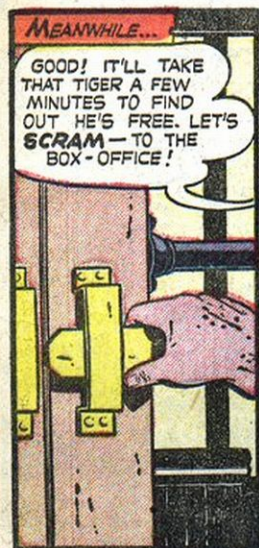
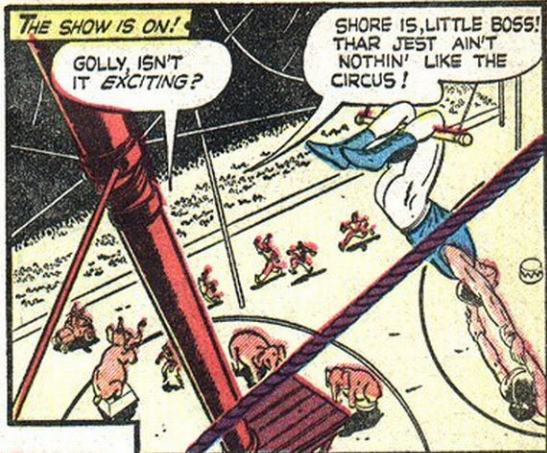
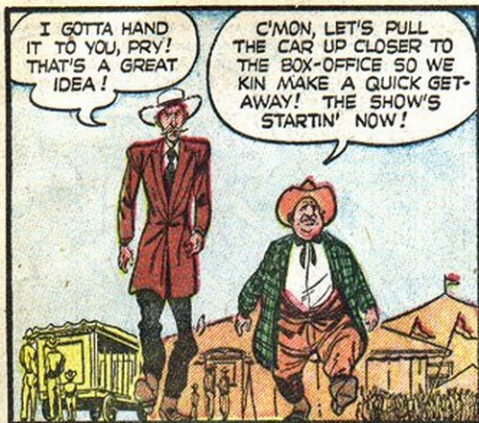
TIGER LOOSE!—A MAN-EATING, UNTAMED TIGER WHO COULD NEVER BE MASTERED! BEHIND WHAT BUSH DOES HE LURK? WHEN WILL HE STRIKE—MAKE HIS KILL? WHERE? WHO WILL BE THE FIRST VICTIM? IT'S THE TIGER HUNT OF THE CENTURY—AND THERE'S SPINE-CURDLING SUSPENSE! IN THE STORY OF—"BOBBY BENSON AND THE MAN-EATING TIGER!"



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

THE TIGER RACES UP THE STANDS, COILS HIS MIGHTY BODY WITH MUSCLES LIKE STEEL BANDS, AND MAKES A GREAT LEAP!



AND THE GREAT CAT IS FREE!

THERE HE GOES — INTO THE BADLANDS, LIKE A BULLET!

MISSED!... A LOOSE TIGER... THIS IS TERRIBLE!



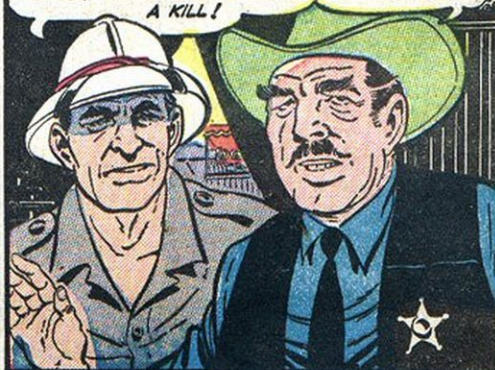
IT'S THE CASHIER!

TWO MEN—ROBBED THE BOX OFFICE DURING THE COMMOTION—GOT \$10,000—MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY IN THEIR CAR!

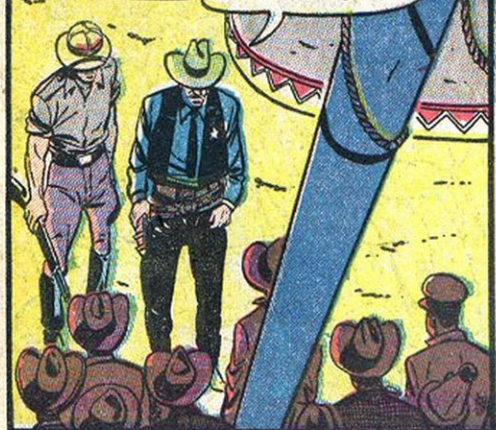


IT'S TOO LATE TO GO AFTER THE ROBBERS—THEY HAVE A BIG HEAD START. BUT THAT TIGER **MUST** BE CAPTURED! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM BEFORE HE MAKES A KILL!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT TIGER IS OUR FIRST RESPONSIBILITY. LISTEN TO ME, EVERYBODY...



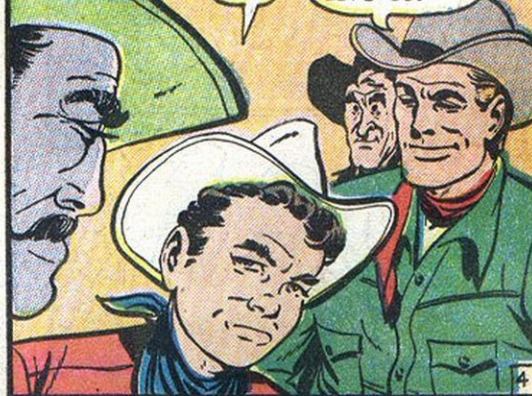
I'M CALLIN' ON EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN TUH GO HOME, GIT HIS SHOOTIN' IRONS, AN' REPORT FER HUNTIN' DUTY! WE GOTTA GIT THET MAN-EATIN' CRITTER! AN' I'M **ORDERIN'** ALL **WOMEN** AN' **KIDS** TUH STAY AT HOME TILL THE TIGER IS CAUGHT!



AN' THET GOES FER **YOU**, BOBBY BENSON! THET'S A **DIRECT ORDER!**

YOU HEARD THE SHERIFF, BOBBY. WE'LL DROP YOU OFF AT THE RANCH WHEN WE GO TO PICK UP OUR WEAPONS. LET'S GO!

AW!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

MEANWHILE TUCK AND PRY, THE CAUSE OF IT ALL, ARE NOT HAVING SUCH AN EASY TIME...

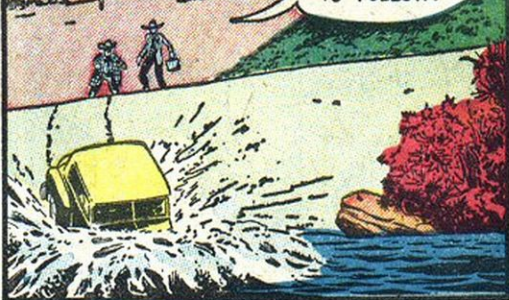
CONKED OUT! THE BLASTED BLOCK CRACKED! I TOLE YUH TUH PUT WATER IN IT!

I THOUGHT YOU DID! WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO! LUCKY WE'RE RIGHT ALONGSIDE THE RIVER...



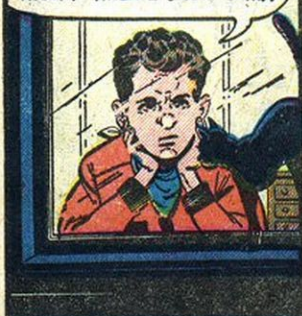
IN SHE GOES!—WE'LL HAVE T'MAKE OUR WAY ACROSS THE BORDER ON FOOT. BUT THAT'S A LONG HAUL—HOW ABOUT HORSES?

WE KIN SWIPE SOME FOOD AN' STUFF AT THE NEAREST FARM OR RANCH. AN' NO HORSES—HORSE TRACKS'D BE TOO EASY TO FOLLOW!

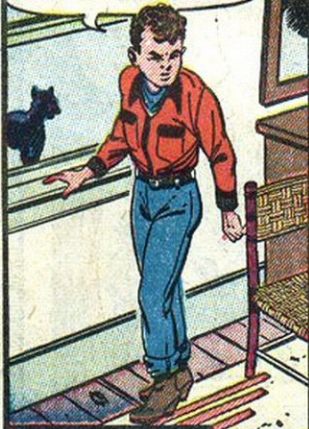


THAT NIGHT, BOBBY IS ALONE AT THE B-BAR-B RANCH...

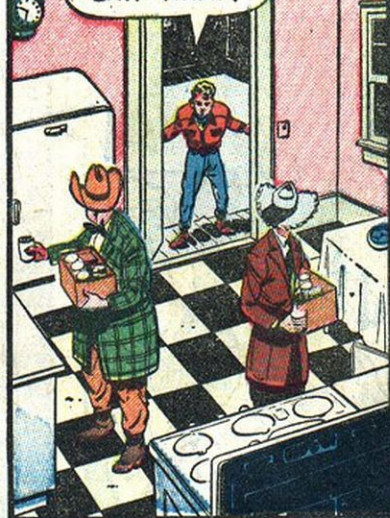
DOGGONIT! EVERYBODY'S OUT THERE HUNTING TIGERS, AND I'M LEFT HERE ALONE! SHUCKS, I CAN SHOOT JUST AS GOOD AS THEY CAN! ALWAYS PICKING ON KIDS, THAT'S WHAT! WHEN I GROW UP...!!



HEY! I WONDER WHO'S IN THE KITCHEN? I THOUGHT EVERYBODY WENT OUT TO HUNT THE TIGER...?



SAY! WHAT-?

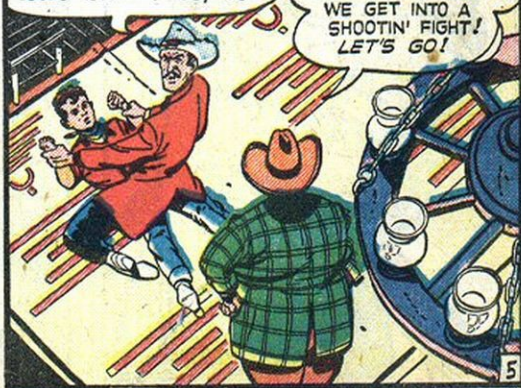


GOTCHA!

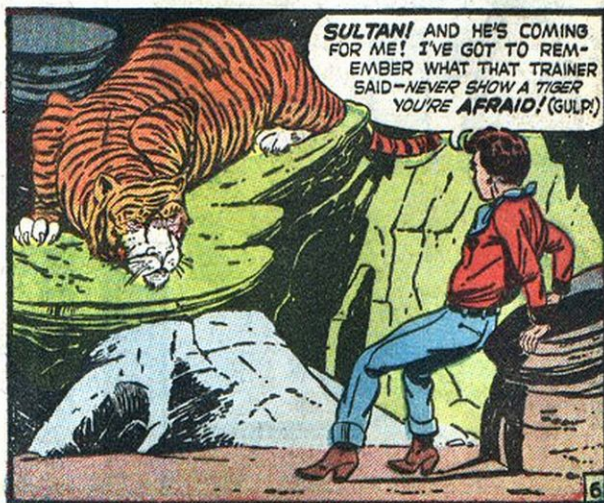
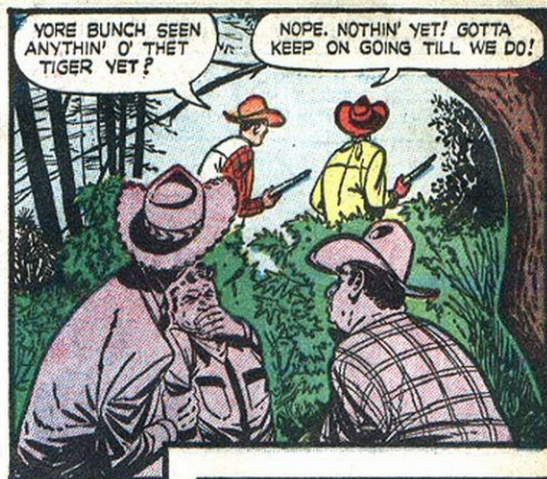


WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THE KID? IF WE LEAVE HIM BEHIND, HE'LL TURN IN AN ALARM RIGHT AWAY. AN' HE COULD IDENTIFY US, TOO!

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM ALONG. MIGHT BE A GOOD THING TOO—CAUSE WE KIN USE HIM AS A SHIELD IF WE GET INTO A SHOOTIN' FIGHT! LET'S GO!



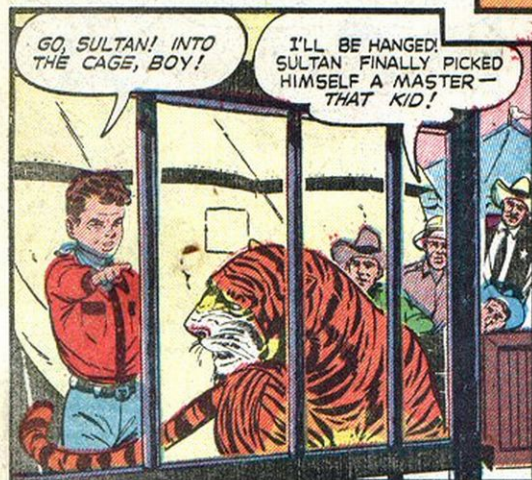
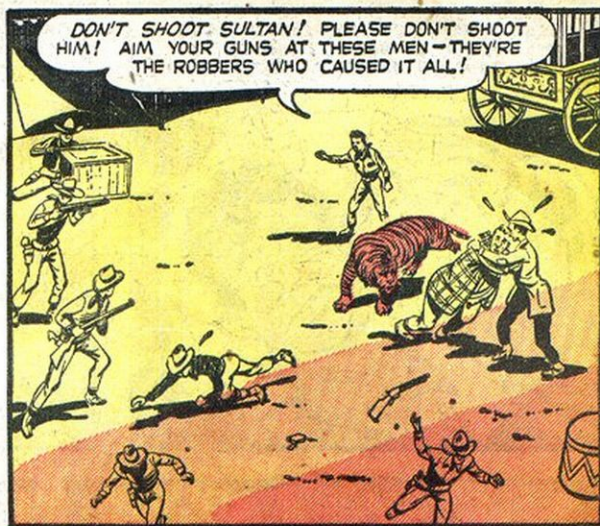
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



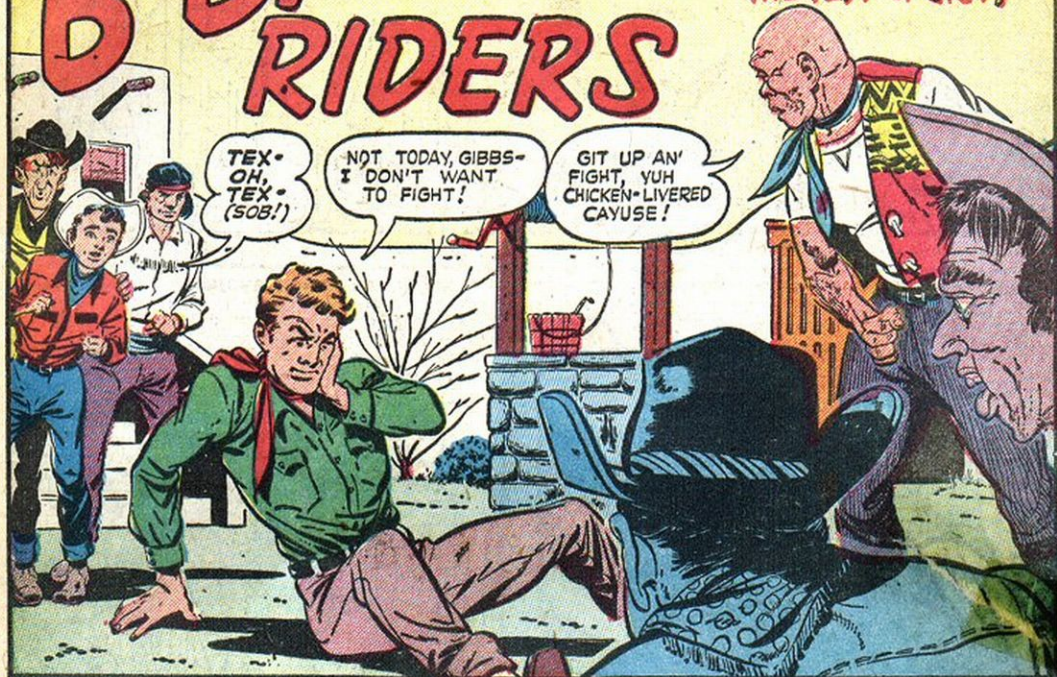
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

YES, THAT COWBOY SITTING ON THE GROUND IS TEX MASON, FOREMAN, TOPHAND, AND BOBBY BENSON'S HERO AT THE B-BAR-B CATTLESPEED! CAN IT BE THAT HE IS AFRAID TO FIGHT HUNKER GIBBS? OR-CAN IT BE TRUE AS TEX TELLS BOBBY, THAT "SOMETIMES IT TAKES MORE GRIT NOT TO FIGHT?" TEX MASON SHOWS JUST WHAT HE MEANS IN—

"THE TEST OF GRIT!"



AT A RANCH NOT FAR FROM
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B CATTLESPEED...



QUICK—TELL THE SHERIFF
...BEEN ROBBED...SAMB
MASKED MEN THAT
ROBBED SMITH...KILLERS
THAT CAME IN SHOOTING
...WOUNDED ME AND MY
WIFE... GET DOCTOR
... QUICK ...



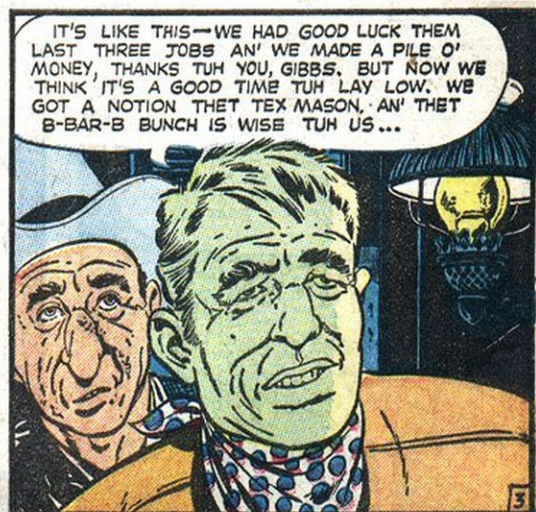
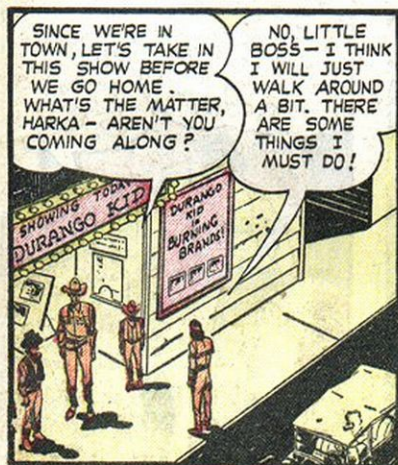
...DOCTOR... DOCTOR...
BEFORE IT'S TOO
LATE... AHHHHH...



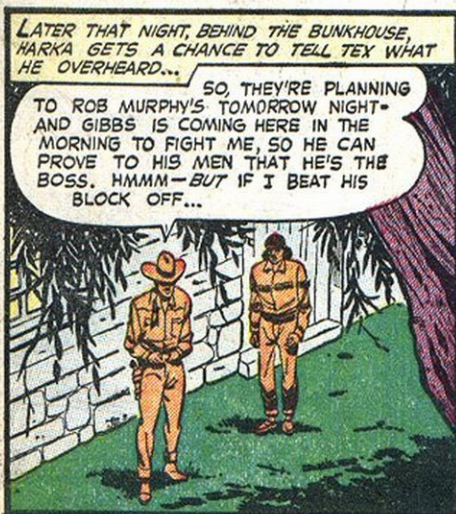
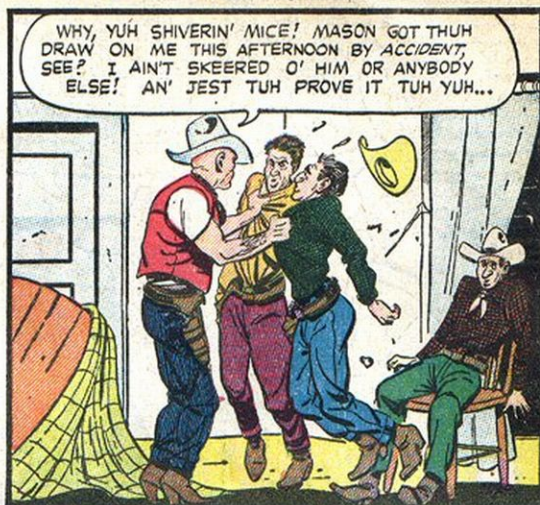
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

NEXT MORNING, BRIGHT AND EARLY, HUNKER GIBBS AND HIS MEN RIDE INTO THE YARD OF THE B-BAR-B RANCH...

WHAR IS HE? WHAR'S THET SNAKE, TEX MASON? COME ON OUT HYAR, MASON, AN' LEMME BEAT YORE HEAD TO A PULP. I'M A-RARIN' TUH GO! I'M GOIN' TUH GIT EVEN FER YESTIDDAY!

WINDY, IT'S- IT'S HUNKER GIBBS!

STEP OUT HYAR IN THUH YARD, TEX MASON! I'M CHALLENGIN' YUH TUH A FIGHT FAIR AN' SQUARE!

SAINT'S ALIVE, SURE AN' IT'S A FIGHT! COMON OUT' FELLERS, AN' WATCH ME PAL, TEX, BEAT THUH STUFFIN' OUT OF HUNKER GIBBS!

GO AWAY, GIBBS... I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT YOU!

WAL, I'LL BE A TWO-FACED BABOON...!

SO! I THOUGHT YUH WUZ A COWARD ALL THUH TIME, MASON! THIS'LL TEACH YUH TUH STAY OUTA MUH WAY FER GOOD!

OH, TEX! (SOB!) TEX, GET UP AND FIGHT! TEX!

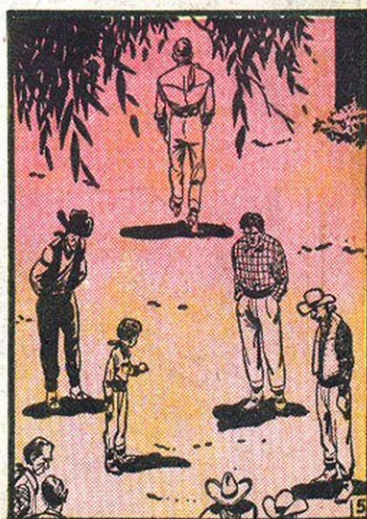
WAL, BOYS- YUH CONVINCED?

YOU BET! WOW, YUH SHORE HAD HIM SKEERED, BOSS. WE AIN'T AFERED O' NOTHIN' NOW! THEY CAN'T STOP US! HAW-HAW-HAW-HAW!!

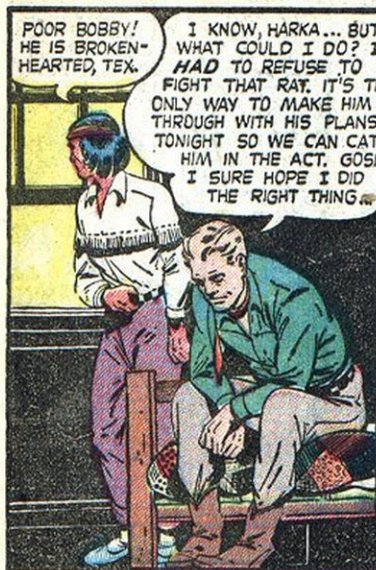
WINDY-OH, WINDY, HE DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO FIGHT BACK!

BOBBY...

REMEMBER THIS, BOBBY. SOMETIMES IT TAKES MORE GRIT NOT TO FIGHT! THAT'S ALL...



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



POOR BOBBY!
HE IS BROKEN-
HEARTED, TEX.

I KNOW, HARKA... BUT
WHAT COULD I DO? I
HAD TO REFUSE TO
FIGHT THAT RAT. IT'S THE
ONLY WAY TO MAKE HIM GO
THROUGH WITH HIS PLANS
TONIGHT SO WE CAN CATCH
HIM IN THE ACT. GOSH,
I SURE HOPE I DID
THE RIGHT THING.



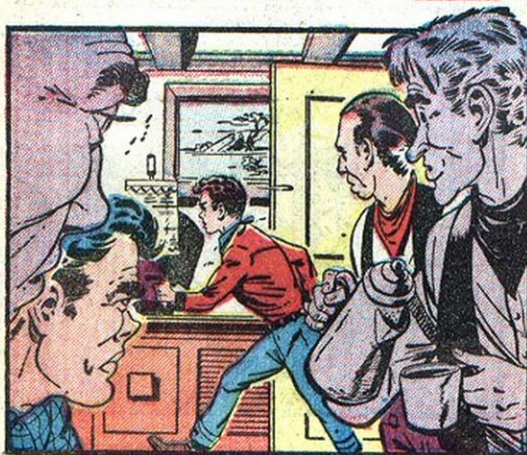
...BECAUSE WE'RE PLAYING
WITH THE LIVES OF
INNOCENT PEOPLE!
SOMEBODY MIGHT
GET HURT WHEN
HUNKER PULLS
THAT JOB AT
THE MURPHY
FARM TONIGHT!

BUT YOU
AND I
WILL BE
THERE TO
PREVENT THAT
TEX!



THAT NIGHT!

GOLLY, I'VE BEEN ACTING
LIKE A BABY! I'M GOING TO
TALK TO TEX RIGHT
NOW!



TEX! OH, TEX...



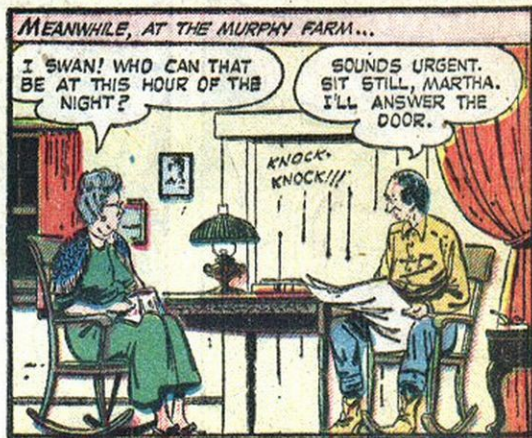
I'M ASHAMED OF MYSELF, TEX. I-I
THOUGHT IT ALL OVER... I GUESS SOMETIMES
EVEN THE BEST OF MEN GET SCARED—AND
NO MATTER WHAT YOU DID, I SHOULD'VE
STUCK BY YOU. I-I GUESS I WASN'T
A VERY GOOD FRIEND TODAY...



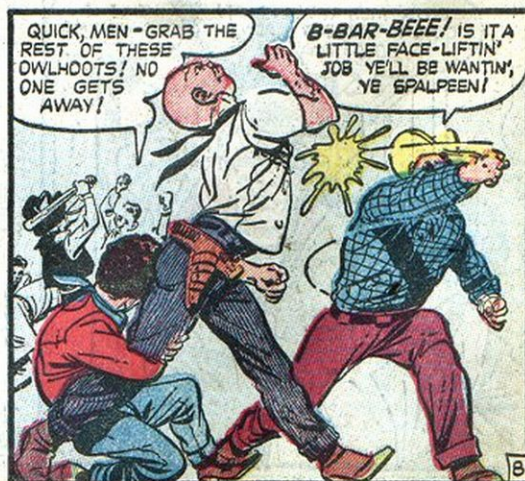
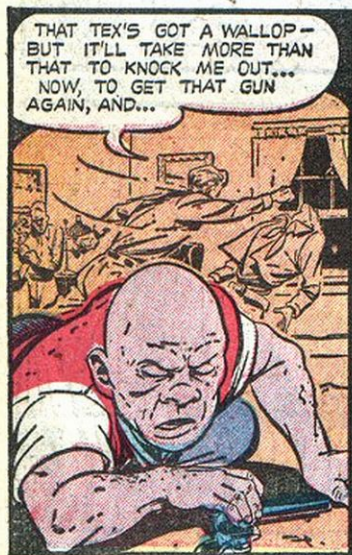
THET GOES FER
US, TOO, TEX!

TH' LITTLE BOSS IS RIGHT, TEX—
IT'S ASHAMED WE ARE OF OUR-
SELVES FER SURE! KIN YE EVER
FORGIVE US, LAD?

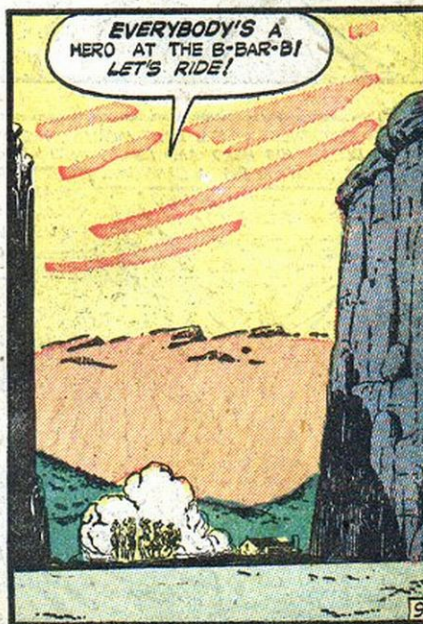
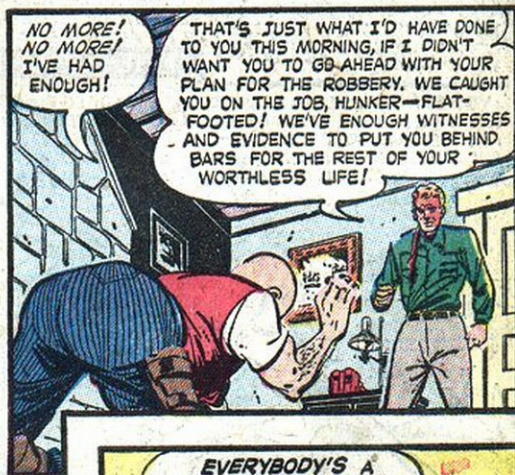
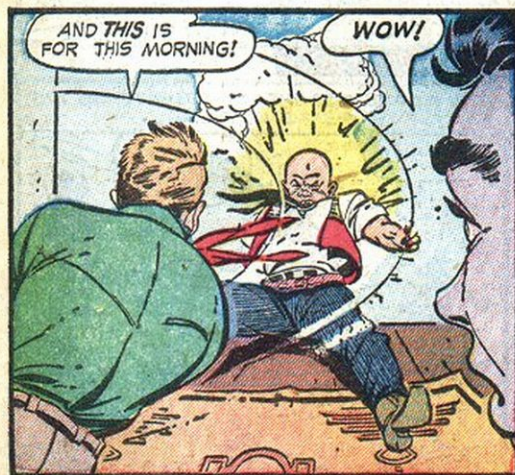
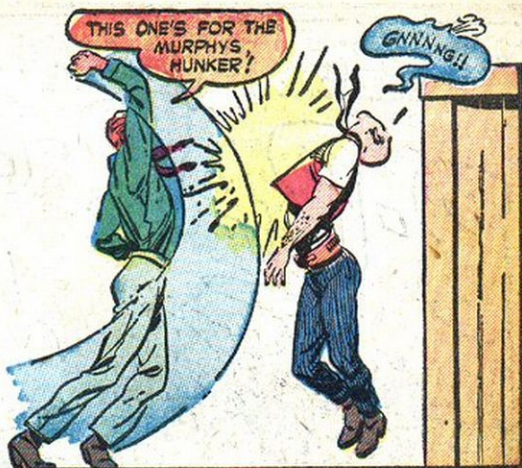
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

DOWN IN THE BIG BEND COUNTRY, A FEARLESS STALLION, SWIFT AND WILD AND SAVAGE, ROAMS THE PRAIRIE, FREE AS THE WIND—AND AS FAST! BOBBY BENSON LOVES THIS BEAUTIFUL OUTLAW HORSE—BUT CAN BOBBY DO WHAT ALL HAVE TRIED TO DO, AND FAIL? CAN BOBBY CAPTURE AND TAME—

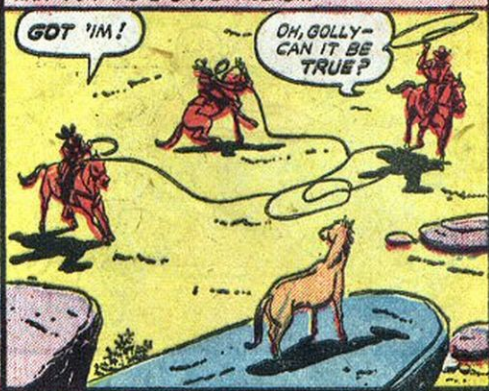
"THE GOLDEN PALOMINO"?



YIPPEE! WE GOT HIM TRAPPED THIS TIME! THAR AIN'T NO WAY FER HIM TUH GIT OUTA THIS—AN' THET ORNERY BRONC KNOWS IT!

I'M NOT SO SURE OF THAT. STAY CLEAR WHEN YOU LASSO HIM!

WITH FLASHING EYES, THE WILD STALLION SEEMS TO WAIT FOR THE B-BAR-B RIDERS...



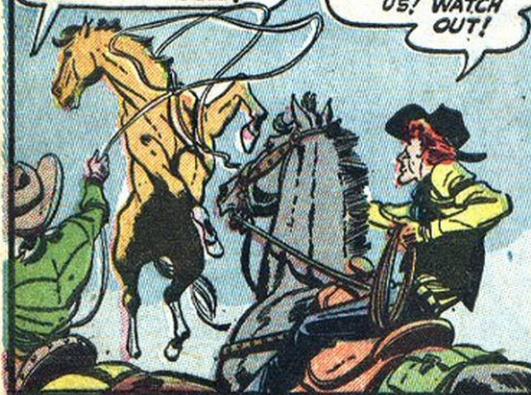
GOT 'IM!

OH, GOLLY—CAN IT BE TRUE?

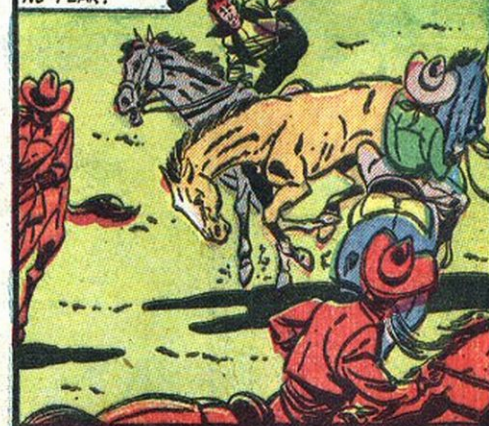
BUT—SUDDENLY—AT THE LAST MOMENT, THE WILY PALOMINO DUCKS HIS HEAD AND LEAPS INTO ACTION AS THOUGH SHOT FROM A CANNON...

WAL, I'LL BE A GOGGLE-EYED GALLOOT— MISSED!

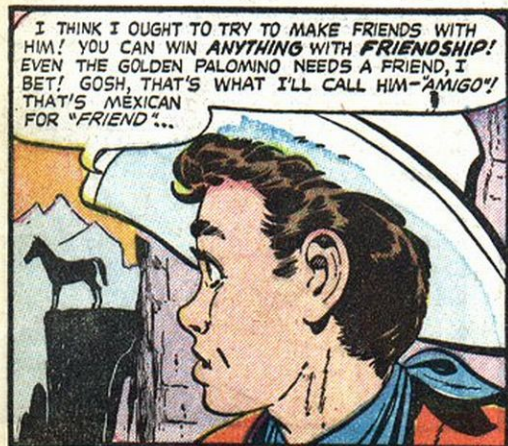
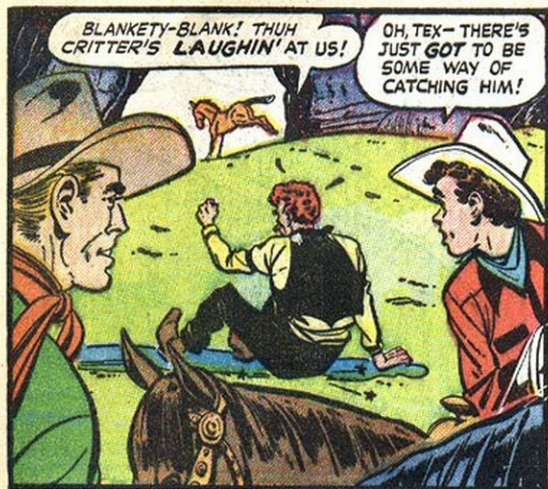
WATCH OUT—HE'S HEADING RIGHT FOR US! WATCH OUT!



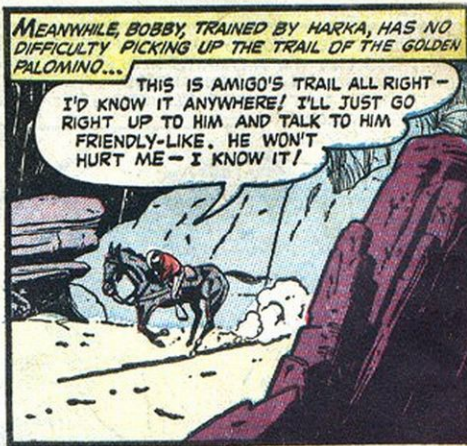
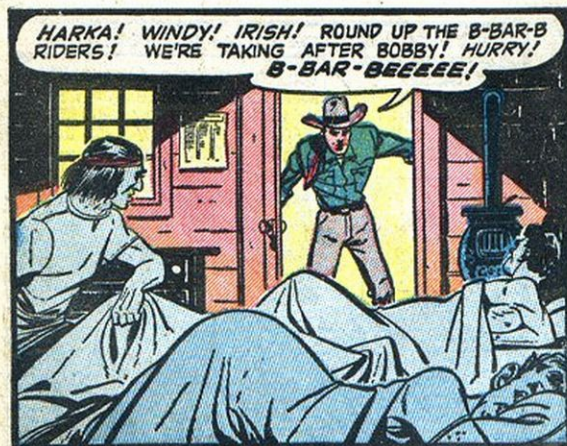
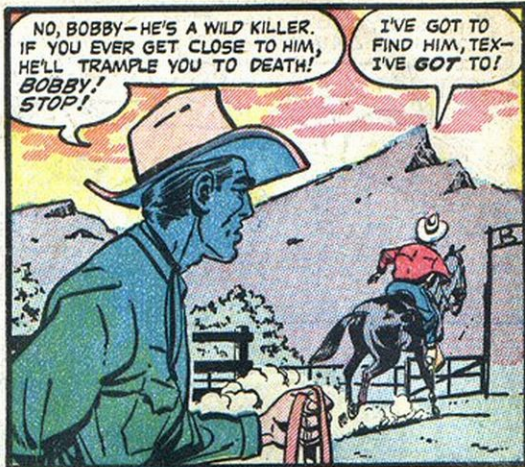
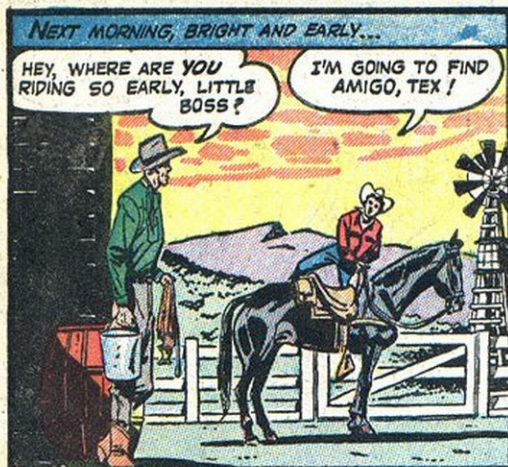
HIS HOOF'S FLASHING, THE WILD HORSE HEADS STRAIGHT INTO THE BUNCHED RIDERS! THE GOLDEN PALOMINO KNOWS NO FEAR!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

BOBBY SHOUTS A WARNING WITH ALL HIS MIGHT. THE ALERT STALLION RESPONDS IMMEDIATELY—THE VERY MOMENT THAT HANK-HORSE-THIEF FIRES HIS SHOT!

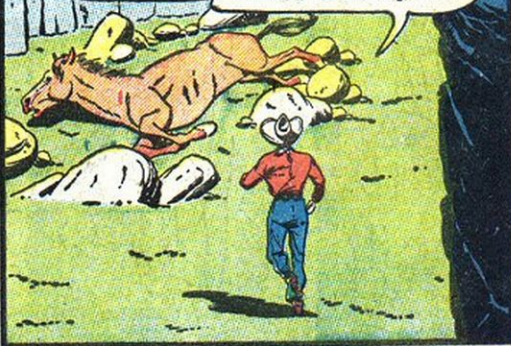
AMIGO! WATCH OUT!

THUNDER—
MISSED!



BUT—WHAT IS THIS? THE PLUNGING PALOMINO SUDDENLY FALLS THRASHING TO THE GROUND!

OH, GOLLY—HE'S SHOT! HE'S SHOT! AND THAT MAN WILL SHOOT AGAIN UNLESS I COVER HIM!



DEFIANTLY, BOBBY PLACES HIMSELF BETWEEN THE RIFLEMAN AND THE DISABLED HORSE...

THUNDER! THAT KID'S STANDIN' RIGHT IN MUH WAY!—I CAN'T SHOOT!... WHUT'S THAT KID UP TO, ANYWAY?... AND THET CRITTER'LL KILL HIM EF HE GETS NEARER!



THEN, AS THE HORSE-THIEF STANDS PETRIFIED, BOBBY SLOWLY APPROACHES THE STRUGGLING HORSE...

HE'S NOT HIT!—HE'S JUST GOT HIS LEG CAUGHT IN A BOULDER!... EASY, AMIGO! EASY, BOY! I'M YOUR FRIEND, BEAUTIFUL PALOMINO! I'LL SET YOU FREE! UNDERSTAND?



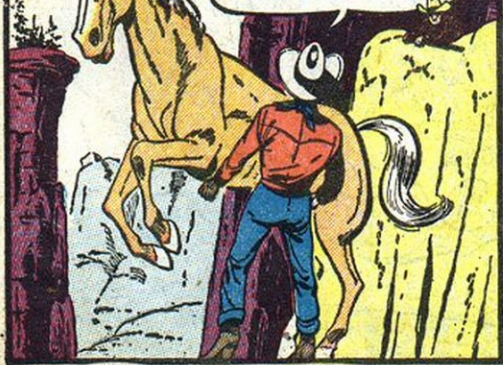
IN ORDER TO MOVE THE ROCK, BOBBY HAS TO GET WITHIN REACH OF THOSE DEADLY HOOFES.

HE'S NOT MOVING A MUSCLE! THAT LOOK IN HIS EYES! HE UNDERSTANDS I'M A FRIEND! HE UNDERSTANDS!... THERE—I'LL HAVE YOUR LEG LOOSE IN A MINUTE, AMIGO!...



THE GOLDEN PALOMINO, FREE AT LAST, REARS HIGH IN FRONT OF BOBBY—BUT NOT IN ANGER, ONLY AS THOUGH TO SHOW HIS GRATITUDE.

OH, GOLLY, AMIGO, YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL!



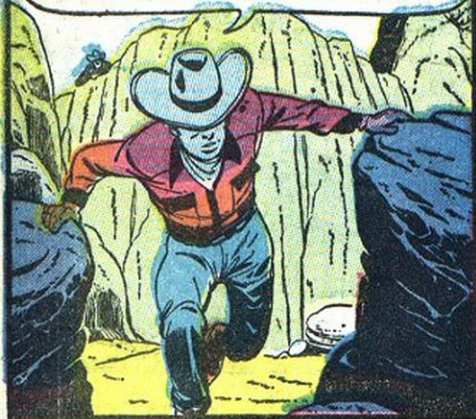
... AND THEN GALLOPS OFF TO FREEDOM!

NOW... MEBBE I KIN GIT A SHOT AT THAT CRITTER! BUT I'LL BE HORSEWOGGLED! HE DIDN'T EVEN TECH THET KID!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

GOT TO KEEP RUNNING—FOLLOW 'AMIGO—
KEEP MYSELF BETWEEN HIM AND THAT
MAN WITH THE RIFLE. GOSH, WHY
WOULD ANYONE WANT TO SHOOT AMIGO?



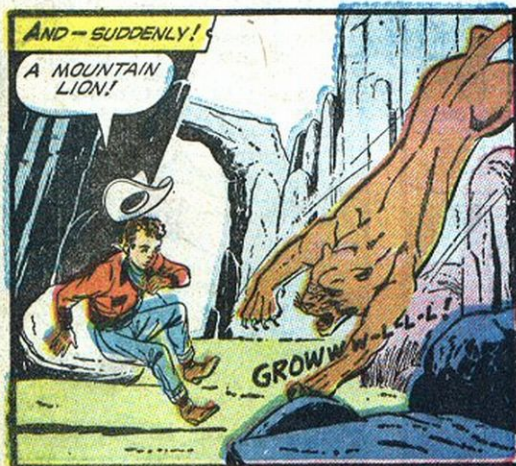
SO INTENT IS BOBBY ON PROTECTING THE GOLDEN
PALOMINO THAT HE DOES NOT SEE—ANOTHER DANGER!

THERE! AMIGO'S
AROUND THIS BEND
NOW—SAFE FROM
THAT RIFLE—FOR
A WHILE,
ANYWAY!



AND—SUDDENLY!

A MOUNTAIN
LION!

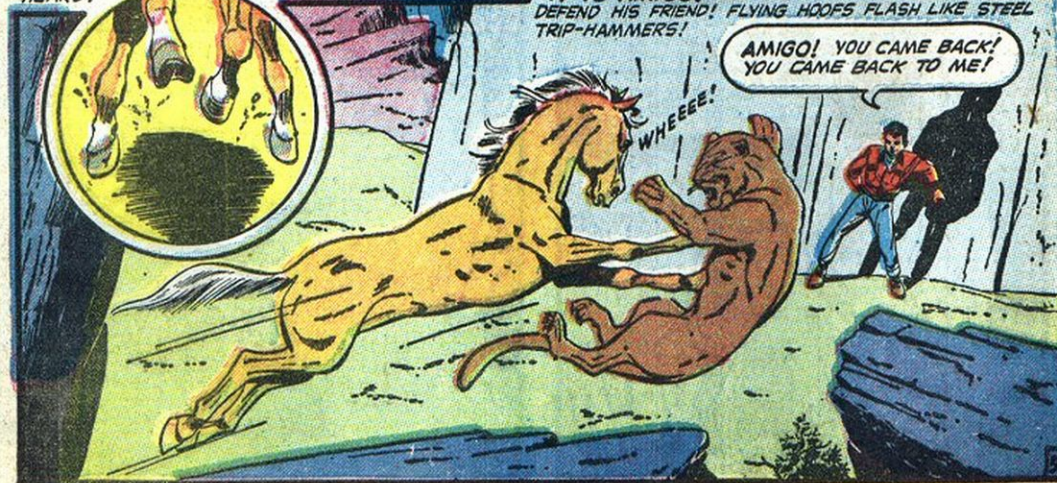


THERE'S NO WAY OUT—HE'S GOING
TO SPRING ANY MINUTE! THIS
IS THE END! AMIGO!

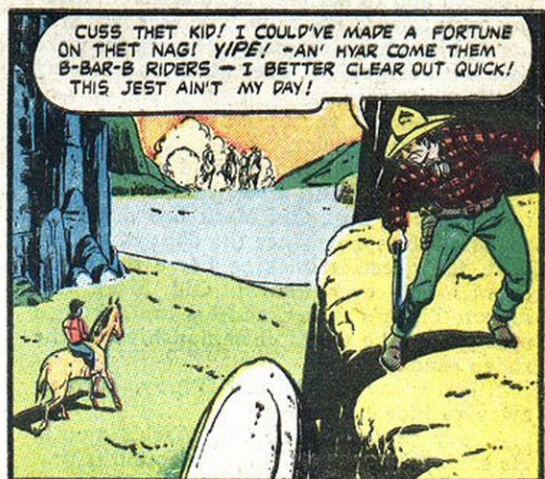
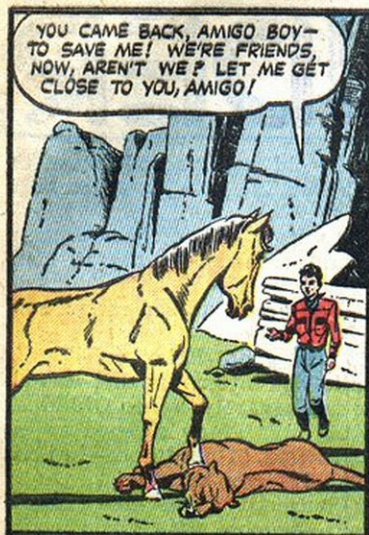
BUT—SUDDENLY—ON THE FLOOR OF THE VALLEY
THE URGENT THUNDER OF POUNDING HOOFS IS
HEARD!

IT IS AMIGO! THE GRATEFUL HORSE RETURNS TO
DEFEND HIS FRIEND! FLYING HOOFS FLASH LIKE STEEL
TRIP-HAMMERS!

AMIGO! YOU CAME BACK!
YOU CAME BACK TO ME!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



RODEO RIDER

HE CAME from the chute half out of the big saddle, as the pinto mustang twisted himself in half, back bent, legs rigid. The bucking horse slammed down with a jar, and young Tippy Martin flew sideways. His face was white and strained. His hands clawed for the reins that slipped from his sweat-wet fingers. The mustang pivoted on his rear hoofs and Tippy Martin left the saddle.

The people in the arena seemed to go 'round and 'round to Tippy as he hung momentarily in midair, upside down. Then he crashed in the soft arena sand, badly shaken. The mustang's kicking hoofs missed his head by less than three inches!

White-faced, Tippy dragged himself off the sand and to his feet. He staggered, moving back toward the rails. The fear was still inside him, churning madly. His cheeks were pale with fright, his eyes black and staring in the white face.

When he got to the exitway, he leaned against the wall, sick.

"Rough going, Tippy?" said a voice.

Tippy turned. Old Mack Jensen was smiling gently at him. Old Mack had made the rodeo circuits ever since the days of Steamboat, the greatest bucking horse the rodeo crowds had ever known. Old Mack had known Tippy's father, and his brother; had seen them take world championships on the rodeo sands.

"Plenty rough," agreed Tippy, turning away to hide his face.

A wry smile twisted Old Mack's mouth. He said, "Yore dad an' brother found it that way at first, too. But they had the guts to see it through."

Tippy felt a wave of anger burn in him. It had always been that way, even back there on the Wayside ranch which his father owned. Always had his father's feats and his brother's deeds been thrown in his face. And he had let them down. It was Tippy who finished his daily chores last. In friendly competitions as boys, it was his brother Jim's lariat that outpointed his own. And Jim could stick to a bucking bronc like a cactus burr.

He walked away from the older man, shoulders drooping. Old Mack watched him go sadly, then rubbed his jaw thoughtfully. As he stroked his chin, he smiled. He said, "Mebbe it might work, at that!"

Tippy was eating at the corner restaurant when Old Mack pulled out a chair and sat

at his table. The old man ignored him as he looked at the menu. He gave his order, then leaned back.

"Figured I'd take in one of these western movies," he said casually. "Want to keep me company?"

"I'd planned on gettin' to bed early," said Tippy.

"Movies do you good. Relax yuh!"

Tippy's smile was bitter. "If that was all I needed," he said savagely. When Old Mack raised his eyebrows, Tippy slapped at his stomach. He growled, "I need guts—in here. More guts than I'll ever have!"

Old Mack buttered a biscuit. "That'll come. Yuh got to be loose, first. Them broncs can hurt yuh, sure! But if yuh're relaxed, they won't!"

Old Mack began to talk of other days, of the early rodeos. Although he had heard all these stories from his father, Tippy found himself thrilling anew to tales of Steamboat the great, and the riders of yesteryear. He found himself getting to his feet with Old Mack, and walking with him to the restaurant door, and down the sidewalk.

They were in a shadowy part of the alley behind the moving picture house when the three men jumped them. Old Mack went down on his back with a yell. Tippy found himself facing two of the thugs.

He drove a fist in one man's face, knocking him back against the brick wall. The other man was bringing out a gun, showing it at Tippy's face.

"Oh, no!" growled Tippy. His hands went out, caught the gun-wrist of the thug, turned it savagely. The man went down on his knees. Tippy brought the wrist across his knee. The gun dropped from limp fingers, and clattered on the alley stones.

The third thug whirled and leaped. Tippy met him in midair with an uppercut. The thug turned turtle and went down hard on his back in the narrow street.

Old Mack was clawing himself up off the ground.

"Come on, boy! This is a tough crowd in this town!"

Tippy was trying to shake himself loose, but the older man held him tightly. "Never mind them, boy. Let's go before some of their friends slam into us!"

Old Mack led the way from the alley on the dead run, with Tippy less than half a step behind him. Under a street lamp, Old Mack turned a line-marked face to Tippy. He said, "Don't feel much like that movie

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

now. Let's go back to the hotel."

As they walked, Old Mack said, "Well, those toughs proved one thing. You got guts, boy. Yuh waded into them hardcases like it was a game. Yuh didn't show no yaller."

Tippy shrugged. He growled, "Anybody'd have done what I did."

"I'm not so sure. I've been in fights before, and seen men bigger'n yuh put wings to their feet to git away. No, sir! Yuh got guts. All yuh need in the rodeo arena is confidence. An' that'll come, one o' these days. . . ."

The sun was hot, overhead. Young Tippy Martin straddled the top rungs of the bronco chute watching the shifting half-ton of horseflesh below him that was the man-Killer, Dynamite. No man had ever sat Dynamite's saddle for the ten seconds required for rodeo point-scoring. Tippy lowered himself gingerly into the saddle. It was now or never! The luck of the draw had given him Dynamite. It would be no disgrace to lose to *him*!

The chute gate swung wide. Dynamite, true to his name, exploded. He came out of the gate in the air, legs fanning the wind, tail straight out, head down.

Tippy threw up his right hand. His left hand held the reins. Tippy glued his cowboy boots to the box stirrups and held them there. Under him, he felt the powerful man-killer gather himself in a solid bunch of fury.

Dynamite hit the ground, and Tippy's head banged forward. Before he could gather himself, the bronc was off the ground, hind legs lashing out and sideways, trying to whiplash this clinging human from his back. Dynamite landed and rode again into the air. Up and down he went, in a series of stiff-legged jumps that racked and tortured Tippy at every leap.

The crowd was roaring. They made a thunder of sound in his ringing ears. Dimly, Tippy knew the people were standing, bending forward, shouting his name. But he caught them in his eyes in dazed glimpses, as the savage man-killer under him erupted and blasted himself back and forth all across the arena.

Tippy took off his hat with his right hand. He brought it down on Dynamite's rump. The horse spun dizzily. He brought his left flank against the wooden fence that protected the spectators. The dust rose as the boards rattled.

Tippy got his left leg up just in time. If it had, been caught against that fence — !

Tippy shouted and banged his hat against the bronc's rump. And Dynamite lost his

feet. He rolled over and over, neighing his fury. Tippy crawled from the saddle, and got back into it as the big horse rose to his feet.

And then Dynamite heaved, and Tippy, his feet not yet in the stirrups, lost his balance.

Dynamite kicked! Tippy, unbalanced, went flying!

Tippy opened his eyes and looked straight into the grinning face of Old Mack. Behind him, Tippy could see cowhands and cowgirls crowding about. Tippy groaned. He said, "Well, I reckon I sure made a spectacle of myself out there."

"I'll say yuh did," agreed Old Mack.

The older man helped Tippy to his feet. Vaguely, Tippy was surprised that he had no broken bones. He felt himself gingerly, and limped around.

"I'm plumb washed up," he said to Old Mack. "I tried to ride that sunfisher, but it wasn't no use. Reckon I'm not cut out for rodeo work . . ."

"Hey?" howled the older man. "Washed up? After that ride yuh gave Dynamite?"

"He threw me, didn't he?" growled Tippy, turning away.

"Sure he did—after seventeen seconds of bang-up riding!" howled Old Mack. "Seven seconds more than yuh needed to score plenty of points, which yuh did!"

Tippy gasped. "Yuh mean . . . that I rode Dynamite?"

"Sure yuh did! Yuh proved last night yuh had the guts when yuh faced them thugs! Today yuh've got that *confidence* yuh need!"

Tippy laughed. "Did you pay off those men, Mack—like yuh paid off the men yuh hired to test Dad and my brother Jim?"

Old Mack's face fell. He squinted at Tippy carefully. "Yuh knew about those hombres, then?"

Tippy put an arm around the older man's shoulders. He said, "I've listened to Pop and Jim tell me all about those little 'tests' of yours, Mack. They also said that you only used your tests when you spotted a real good rider who needed . . . well, encouragement."

Old Mack kicked at a pebble as a smile crossed his leathery face. "Doggone! Reckon I'm gettin' kind of dated!"

Tippy said, "I had lost confidence in myself until you hired those hardcases. I told myself, if Old Mack thinks I'm worth hiring thugs over, like he did for Dad and Jim, maybe I can be a rodeo rider."

"Which yuh sure are, son. Yuh sure are!"

Arm in arm, the young men and the old man went across the arena sands, their steps light and jaunty.

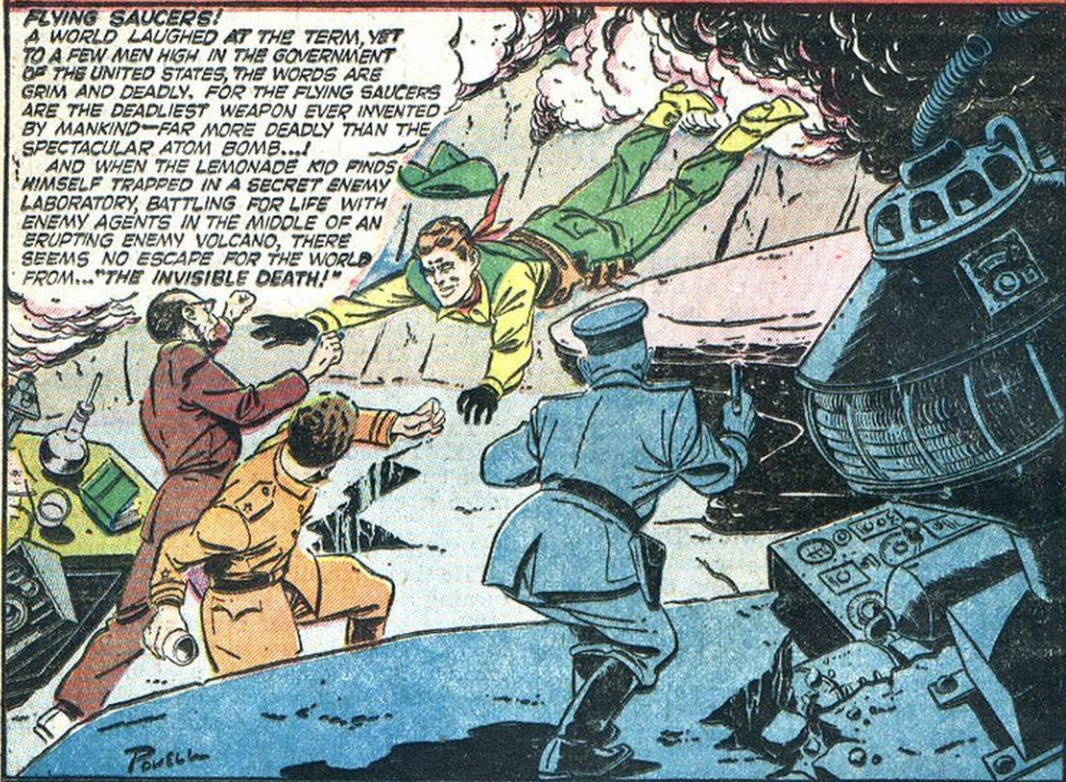
THE END

The LEMONADE KID

FLYING SAUCERS!

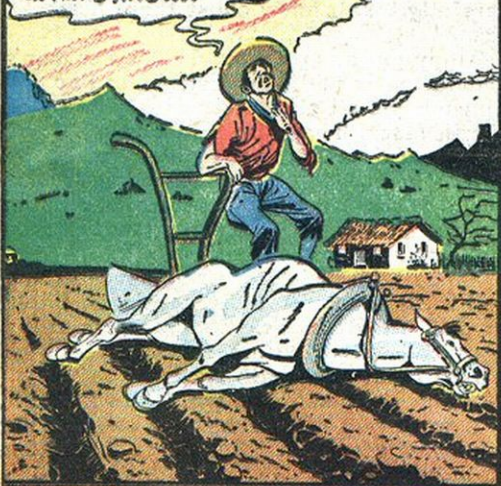
A WORLD LAUGHED AT THE TERM, YET TO A FEW MEN HIGH IN THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES, THE WORDS ARE GRIM AND DEADLY. FOR THE FLYING SAUCERS ARE THE DEADLIEST WEAPON EVER INVENTED BY MANKIND—FAR MORE DEADLY THAN THE SPECTACULAR ATOM BOMB...

AND WHEN THE LEMONADE KID FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED IN A SECRET ENEMY LABORATORY, BATTLING FOR LIFE WITH ENEMY AGENTS IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ERUPTING ENEMY VOLCANO, THERE SEEMS NO ESCAPE FOR THE WORLD FROM... "THE INVISIBLE DEATH!"

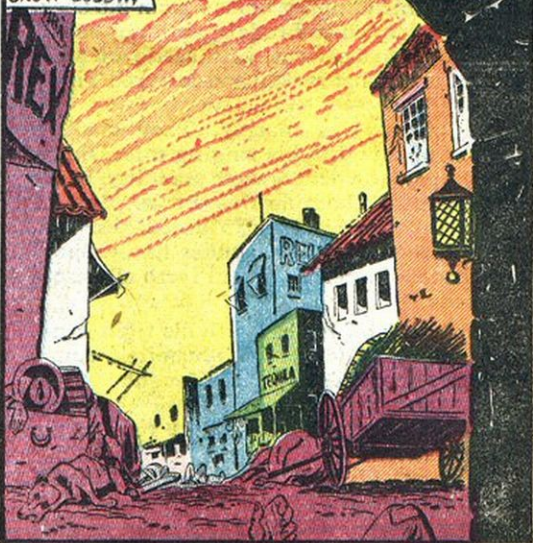


SOMEWHERE IN NORTHERN MEXICO, A PEON TURNS FROM THE FURROWED GROUND HE IS WORKING, EYES WIDENING WITH FEAR...

MADRE DE DIOS... I...
... AM DYING...!



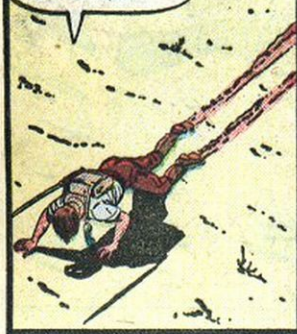
LESS THAN THREE MILES AWAY AN ENTIRE TOWN LIES STILL AND SILENT. EVEN THE BIRDS AND THE ANIMALS GROW COLD...



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

CRAWLING ON HANDS AND KNEES, DRAGGING HIMSELF ACROSS THE CONCHOS DESERT, COMES A MAN WHOSE BREATH RATTLES IN HIS THROAT...

I CAN'T MAKE IT! THAT HELLISH STUFF... IS ALL THROUGH ME... KILLING ME JUST AS IF... IT WERE HUNDREDS OF... BULLETS!



CALLING Q.R.K... ROSS CALLING Q.R.K... INVISIBLE DEATH FROM SKIES... FLYING OVER... KILLS EVERYTHING... BE ON WATCH OUT FOR...



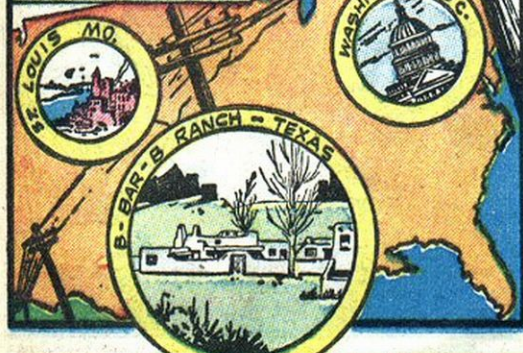
POWERFUL RECEIVING SETS PICK UP THE BABBLED WORDS IN A FIELD STATION OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE...

IT'S ROSS, SIR! HE'S STUMBLED ON "OPERATIONS MYSTERY" BUT HE'S FAINTED... OR DEAD! HE TALKED ABOUT INVISIBLE DEATH... FROM THE SKY...

I'LL CODE-PHONE WASHINGTON!



FROM WASHINGTON TO ST. LOUIS, THENCE ON TO HOUSTON, THE WIRES HUM. FROM HOUSTON A CALL COMES THROUGH TO THE FOREMAN'S OFFICE OF THE B-BAR-B RANCH IN THE BIG BEND COUNTRY...



SECONDS LATER, TEX MASON, FOREMAN OF THE B-BAR-B IS TOSsing HIS WORK-STAINED LEVIS FROM HIM, AND DONNING THE YELLOW SHIRT AND TWIN HOLSTERS OF - THE LEMONADE KID...

NO TIME TO SPARE! WASHINGTON DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THE NATURE OF THE MYSTERY WEAPON... SO I'LL TAKE MY FULL FIELD KIT ALONG...



LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, TWO RIDERS BEAT SOUTHWARD FROM THE TEpid WATERS OF THE RIO GRANDE, EYES KEEN AND ALERT, SENSES READY FOR DANGER...

IT'S A DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT, HARKA! WE'RE STALKING DEATH ITSELF! A DEATH WE CAN'T SEE TO ESCAPE OR FIGHT BACK! WE WON'T KNOW IT'S AROUND - UNTIL WE'RE DEAD!

THAT BAD, EL TEJANO! MUJY BAD!



FAR AHEAD IN A LABORATORY CARVED OUT OF THE LAVA ROCK INSIDE THE CONE OF A LONG-DEAD VOLC- AND...

THE SAUCER WILL BE RETURNING AT ANY MOMENT, SIR!

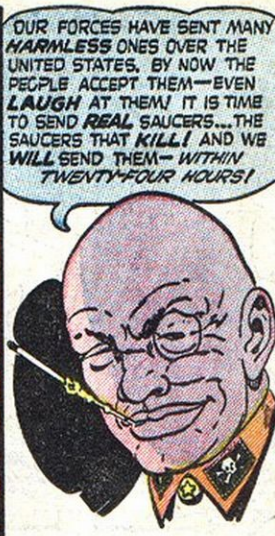
GOOD! BRING IT INTO THE CAVE HANGAR! IT IS THE FINAL TEST. IT HAS WORKED WELL. ALL THOSE OVER WHOM THE SAUCER PASSED, LIE STIFF IN DEATH!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



WITHIN THE SAUCER IS AN UNSHIELDED ATOMIC ENGINE! IT GIVES OUT RADIOACTIVE RAYS—RAYS THAT KILL ALL WHOM THEY TOUCH—AND THEY TOUCH WITHIN A RADIUS OF FIFTY MILES!



OUR FORCES HAVE SENT MANY HARMLESS ONES OVER THE UNITED STATES. BY NOW THE PEOPLE ACCEPT THEM—EVEN LAUGH AT THEM! IT IS TIME TO SEND REAL SAUCERS... THE SAUCERS THAT KILL! AND WE WILL SEND THEM—WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS!



LOOK YONDER, HARKA! A BUZZARD!

BUZZARD COME DOWN LIKE THAT WHEN DEAD ANIMAL—OR MAN—LIES BELOW!



IT'S ROSS—THE FBI. FIELD AGENT ON THE TRAIL OF "OPERATIONS MYSTERY!"



HOW HIM DIE, EL TEJANO?

HE HAS NO WOUND! I'LL USE THIS GEIGER COUNTER...HUH! LISTEN TO IT CLICK! ROSS WAS KILLED BY RADIOACTIVITY!



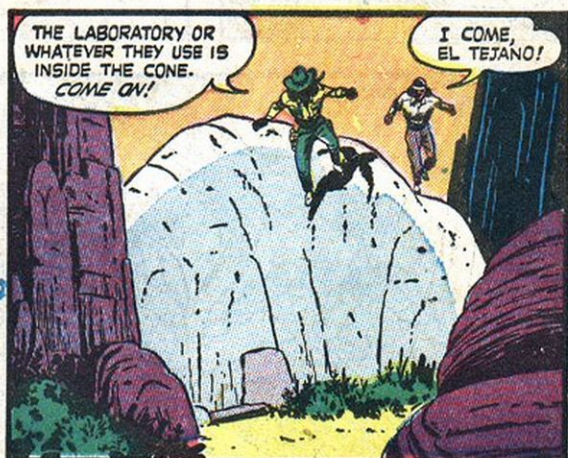
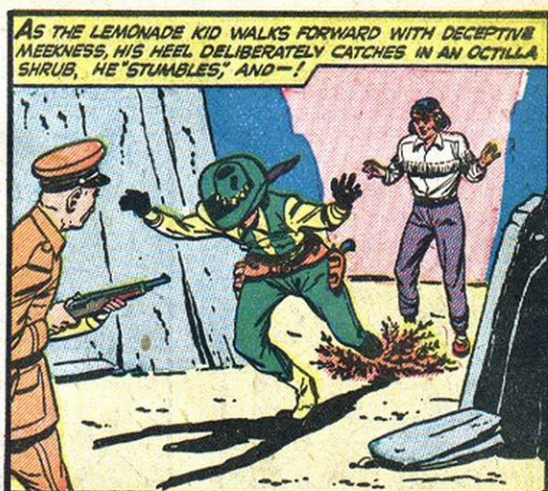
CALLING QRK...QRK...CALLING QRK...LATEST NEWS ON "OPERATIONS MYSTERY"... MYSTERY DEATH DUE TO RADIOACTIVITY FROM POSSIBLE UNSHIELDED ATOMIC SOURCE... ..QRK...!



HOURS LATER...

ROSS DIED BEFORE HE COULD RELAY INFORMATION TO THE FIELD STATION... BUT HE PUT WHAT HE KNEW DOWN IN CODE IN A LITTLE BLACK BOOK! HE SAYS EVERYTHING STEMS FROM THIS ANCIENT VOLCANO!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



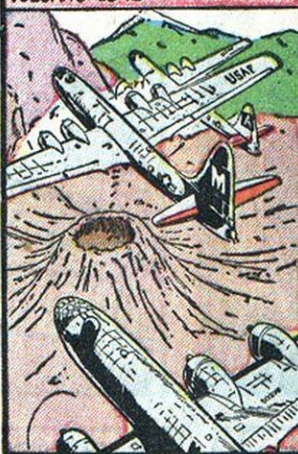
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

MOVING FROM POINT TO POINT, SOMEWHAT LATER...

IF I CAN ONLY GET INTO THEIR BIG LABORATORY, I CAN REALLY DO SOME DAMAGE!



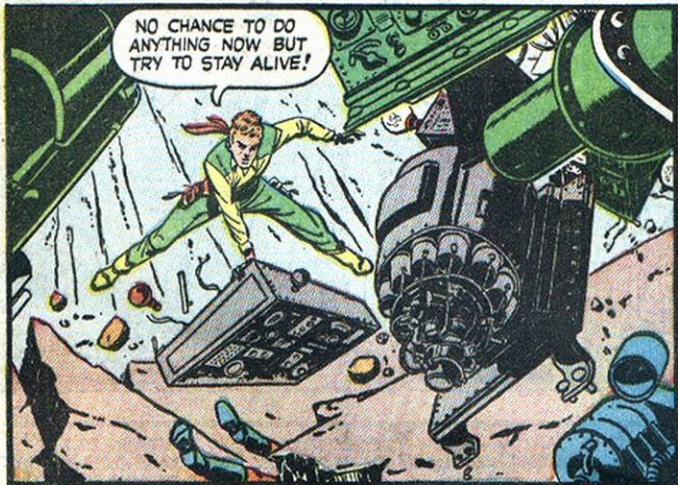
OVERHEAD, AT THAT MOMENT, THE ARMY BOMBERS DROP THEIR DEADLY CARGO DIRECTLY ON THE VOLCANO CONE —



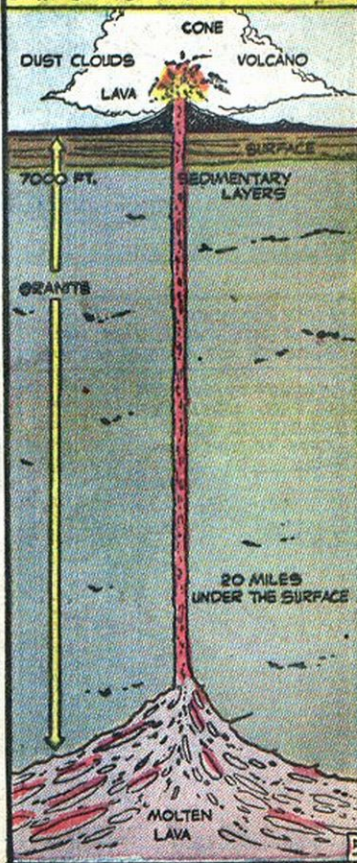
BOMBERS! AND I'M CAUGHT DOWN HERE... WITH THE ENEMY!



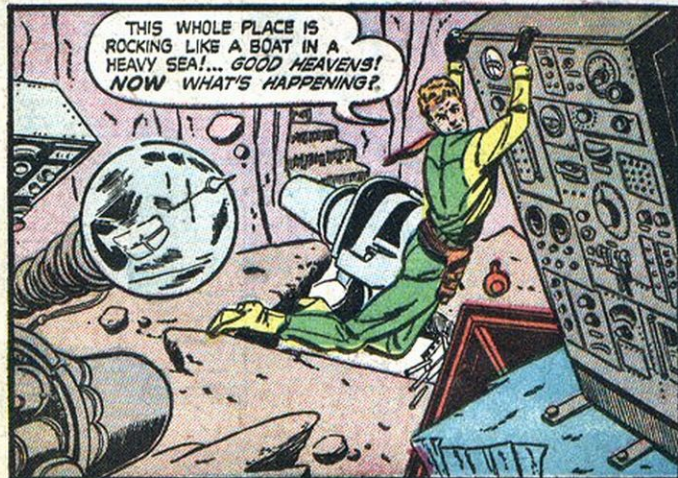
NO CHANCE TO DO ANYTHING NOW BUT TRY TO STAY ALIVE!



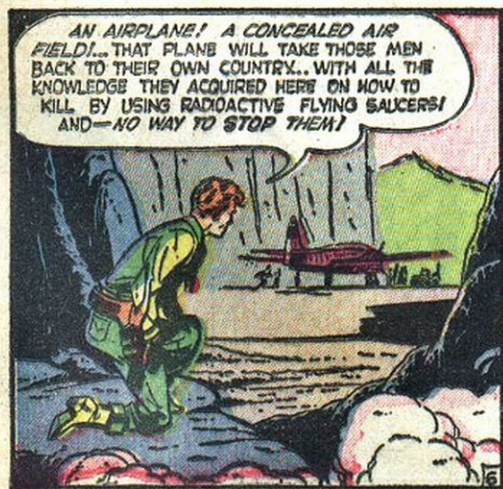
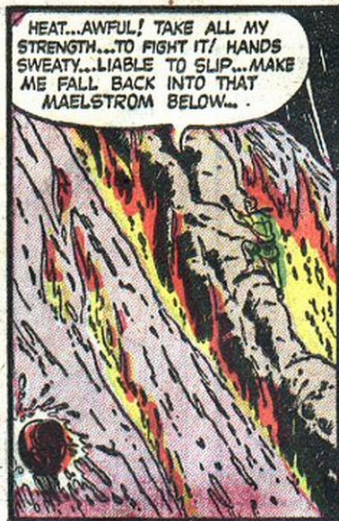
THE LONG DEAD VOLCANO, STIRRED BY THE BOMBING THAT SPLITS THE SOLID LAVA OF ITS CONE FLOOR, STIRS TO RUMBLING, SPOUTING LIFE! SPUMES OF MOLTEN LAVA SHOOT UPWARD! THE VERY EARTH SHAKES AND SHUDDERS WILDLY!



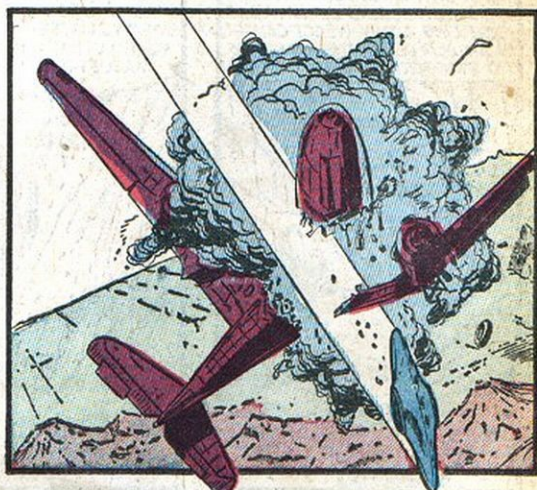
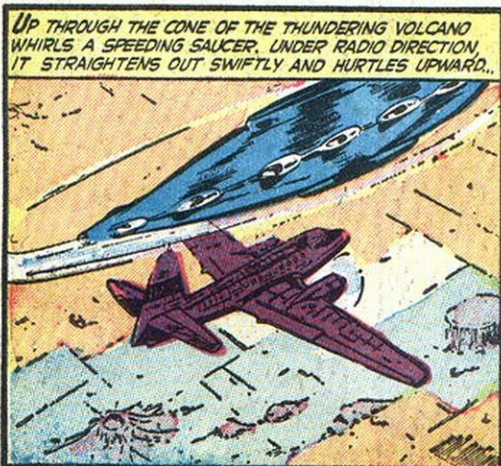
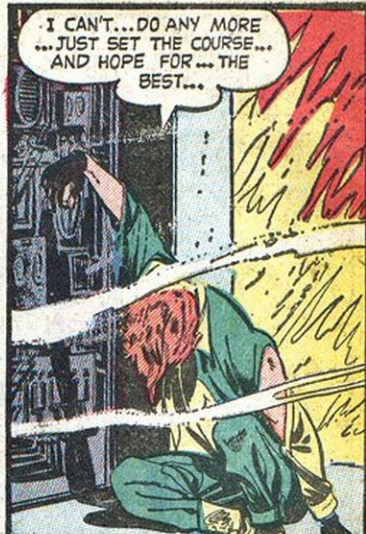
THIS WHOLE PLACE IS ROCKING LIKE A BOAT IN A HEAVY SEA!... GOOD HEAVENS! NOW WHAT'S HAPPENING?



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



They're selling fast! They're hard to get . . . !

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

COMIC BOOKS!



Why take a chance on missing a single issue of this thrilling, exciting, different magazine? Make sure that The Cowboy Kid and his daring Riders don't pass you by! **Subscribe now!**

If you subscribe now, we'll send you, absolutely free, this swell picture of your favorite radio, television and comic-book characters, **IN FULL COLOR!** Supply is limited, so act fast!

Subscription is only \$1.00 for twelve, action-packed issues of BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS!

MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, INC.
11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

Please send **BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS** and **FREE PICTURE** to:

Name..... Age.....

Street and Number.....

City..... Zone.... State.....

I am enclosing \$1.00 for 1 year's subscription.

*No Canadian subscriptions accepted
Foreign countries \$2.00 for 1 year*

If this is a gift subscription enter donor's name below:

Name

Street and Number.....

City..... Zone.... State.....

MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, INC.
11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

Please send **BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS** and **FREE PICTURE** to:

Name..... Age.....

Street and Number.....

City..... Zone.... State.....

I am enclosing \$1.00 for 1 year's subscription.

*No Canadian subscriptions accepted
Foreign countries \$2.00 for 1 year*

If this is a gift subscription enter donor's name below:

Name

Street and Number.....

City..... Zone.... State.....

HI, RIDERS!



NOW YOU CAN ENJOY

BOBBY BENSON

on

DECCA RECORDS



It's the thrill-a-minute story of the Golden Palomino . . . A rip-snortin' adventure jam-packed with excitement from start to finish!

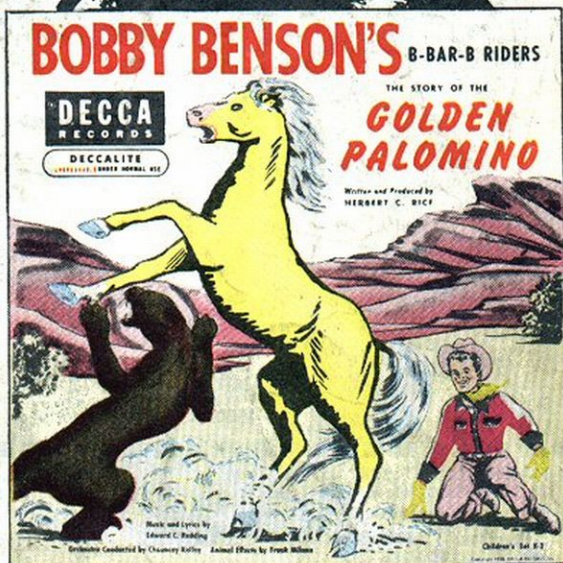
Hear Bobby Benson, Tex, Windy, and all the B-Bar-B Riders as they thunder out of Big Bend country right into your home on a Decca record in the story of the Golden Palomino!

Make it yours to have and to play whenever you like! Be the first in your neighborhood to own this official Bobby Benson Record!

Set K-2 10-inch Deccalite® record in colorfully illustrated envelope

Price \$1.15

*Unbreakable under normal use.



A DECCALITE RECORD
Unbreakable under normal use.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY — DON'T DELAY

LIBERTY PRODUCTS Dept. 3
277 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Please rush me Bobby Benson record(s) at \$1.15 each
(Fed. tax and postage included)

- ☐ Here is my check or money-order.
☐ Please send C.O.D. I will pay postman.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

Available
at your local
Decca record
shop
or
use this
handy coupon